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The desperate Damsells Tragedy.

OR

The faithlesse young man.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

IN the gallant month of June,
When sweet roses are in prime,
And each bird with a seuerall tune,
Harmoniously saluteth the time:
then to delight,
my appetite
I walkt into a medow faire,
and in a shade
I spyed a maide
Whose loue had brought her to dispaire.

She her hands fate fully wringing
Making pitteous exclamation,
Upon a false young man for bringing
her into this great vexation:
Mouth the false youth,
Is there no truth,
In thee, of Faith hast thou no share?
no thou hast none,
tis to well knowne:
By me poore wretch now in dispaire

How oftentimes hast thou protested
That thou louest me well indeed:
And I performed what was requested,
Thus much trust my woe doth breed:
I let thee haue
what thou didst craue,
Induced by thy speeches faire,
and hauing had,
thy will false lad,
At last thou left'st me in dispaire.

My dearest Iewell thou hast taken,
Which should it and me in great dread,
And now thou hast me quite forsaken,
And art like false Æneas fled,
from Dido thus
what can insue,
This faithles deed, but to end my care,
like her a knife,
must end my life
For I like her am in dispaire.

Then tis so, come gentle death,
I yeild my selfe vnto thy power,
Most willing to resigne my breath,
I am this instant time and houre:
let thy keene dart,
such force impart
That I may die, oh doe not spare,
from earth I came,
and willing am,
Hence to returne with grim dispaire:

When she these bitter words had spoken
From her minde so fraught with woe,
Her heart was in her bosome broken
Teares abundantly did flow,
from her faire eyes,
then to the skies,
She did direct her hands with prayer,
and fram'd to mone,
the pow'rs aboue,
To scourge the cause of her dispaire.

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The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

YOu Gods (quoth ſhe) I invocate,
That as your iudgements ſtill are iuſt,
My wrongs I pray you vindicate,
My may no Mayds that young man truſt:
henceforth may he
ſo wretched be,
That none for him at all ſhall care,
but that he may
for his foule play,
Be brought like me to grim deſpaire.

Having made an end of praying,
Suddenly ſhee drew a knife,
And I that nere vnſeene was ſtaying,
Ran in haſt to ſaue her life,
but ere that I
to her could cry,
That her ſame life ſhe might forbeare,
ſhee Dido-like
her heart did ſtrike,
Thus dyde the Damſell in deſpaire.

With ſuch force her ſelfe ſhe ſtabbed,
Blood ranne out abundantly,
My heart within my boſome throbbed,
To behold this Tragedy;
yet though ſhe bled,
ſhe was ſcarce dead,
But gaſping lay with her laſt ayre,
and vnto me
ſhee ſpake words theſe,
Which ſhewed the cauſe of her deſpaire.

Sir (quoth ſhe) muſe not to ſee me
Deſperatly my ſelfe to ſlay,
For his fatall ſtroake doth free me
From diſgrace another way:
My honours head,
my credits fled,
Why therefore ſhould I liue in care:
this being ſpoke,
her heart ſtrings broke,
Thus dyed the Damſell in deſpaire.

When death had done his worſt vnto her,
I did wiſhly on her looke,
And by her fauour I did know her.
Therefore I my Journey tooke
vnto the Towne,
where ſhe was knowne,
And to her friends I did declare
what diſmall fate
had hapt of late,
Vnto this Damſell in deſpaire.

With brinish teares her friends lamented,
To heare of her timeleſſe end,
And every one in griefe conſented,
And with me along did wend
vnto the place
where lay that face,
That late alme was freſh and faire,
now wanne and pale
cauſe life did faile,
Her life ſhe ended in deſpaire.

When this was told to her falſe Louer,
He was of his wits bereaught,
And wildly ran the Country ouer,
Some reſt by no meanes he cought:
Let this Tale then
warne all young men,
Vnconſtancy ſtill to forbeare,
For he betraide
this harmeleſſe Mayde
Vnto her death through grim deſpaire.

FINIS. M.P.

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